

told Aziz to remove the clot from the wound, they insisted that she would bleed to death, and so the pros and cons went on till Aziz said, "The *Khanum* shall do it, these Feringhi *Hakims* know everything." To be regarded as a *Hakim* on the slenderest possible foundation is distressing, but to be regarded as a "vet" without any foundation at all is far worse.

However, the clot was removed, and though the wound was three inches long there was still no relief, and Aziz said solemnly, "Now do what you think best." Very gradual pressure at the back of the leg brought out a black solid mass weighing fully a pound. "God is great!" exclaimed the bystanders. "May God forgive your sins !" cried Aziz, and fell at my feet with a genuine impulse of gratitude. He insists that "a pound of flesh" came out of the swelling. The wound is now syringed every few hours, and Aziz is learning how to do this, and to dress it. The mare can both eat and sleep, and will soon 'be well.

This evening Aziz said that fifteen *tumans* would be the charge for curing his mare, and that, he says, is my present to him. He told me he wanted me to consider something very thoroughly, and not to answer hastily. He said, "We're a poor people, we have no money, but we have plenty of food. We have women who take out bullets, but in all our nation there is no *Hakim* who knows the wisdom of the Feringhis. Your medicines are good, and have healed many of our people, and though a

*Kafir* we like you well and will do your  
bidding. The  
Agha speaks of sending a *Hakim* among us  
next year,  
but you are here, and though you are old  
you can ride,  
and eat our food, and you love our people.  
You have  
your tent, Isfandyar Khan will give you a  
horse of pure  
pedigree, dwell among us till you are very  
old, and be  
our *Hakim*, and teach us the wisdom of the  
Feringhis."